God ſaue King *Harry* vnkingd *Richard* ſaies,
And ſend him many yeeres of Sun-ſhines daies.
What more remaines?
*North.* No more, but that you read
Theſe accuſations, and theſe grieuous crimes,
Committed by your perſon, and your followers,
Againſt the ſtate and profite of this Land;
That by confeſſing them, the ſoules of men
May deeme that you are worthily depoſde.
*Rich.* Muſt I doe ſo? and muſt I rauell out
My Weaud vp Folly, gentle *Northumberland*?
If thy offences were vpon record,
Would it not ſhame thee in ſo faire a troope,
To read a lecture of them, if thou wouldſt,
There ſhouldſt thou find one hainous Article,
Containing the deposing of a King,
And cracking the ſtrong warrant of an Oath,
Markt with a blot, damd in the booke of heauen:
Nay of you that ſtand and looke vpon,
Whilſt that my wretchednesſe doth bate my ſelfe;
Though ſome of you (with *Pilate*) waſh your hands,
Shewing an outward pittie, yet you Pilates,
Haue heere deliuered me to my ſowre Croſſe,
And water cannot waſh away your ſinne.
*North.* My Lord diſpatch, read ore theſe Articles.
*Rich.* Mine eyes are full of teares, I cannot ſee;
And yet ſalt water blinds them not ſo much,
But they can ſee a ſort of Traitors here:
Nay, if I turne mine eies vpon my ſelfe,
I find my ſelfe a Traitor with the reſt;
For I haue giuen here my ſoules conſent
To vndecke the pompous body of a King;
Made glorie base, and Soueraignte a ſlaue;
Proud Maieſtie a ſubiect, State a peaſant.
*North.* My Lord.
*Rich.* No Lord of thine, thou haught inſulting man,
Nor no mans Lord; I haue no name, no title,



No not that name was giuen me at the Font,
But tis vſurpt; alacke the heauie day
That I haue worne ſo many Winters out,
And know not now, what name to call my ſelfe,
O that I were a mockerie King of Snow,
Standing before the ſunne of *Bullingbrooke*,
To melt my ſelfe away in water drops.
Good King, great King; and yet not greatly good;
And if my name be ſtarling, yet in England
Let it command a mirrour hither ſtraite
That it may ſhew me what a face I haue,
Since it is banckrout of his Maieſtie.
*Bul.* Go ſome of you and fetch a looking-glaſſe,
*North.* Read ore this paper while the Glaſſe doth come.
*Rich.* Fiend, thou torments me ere I come to Hell.
*Bul.* Vrge it no more, my Lord Northumberland.
*North.* The commons will not then be ſatisfied.
*Rich.* They ſhall be ſatisfied, Ile read enough,
When I doe ſee the very Booke indeed.
Where all my ſinnes are writ, and that's my ſelfe,
Giue me the glaſſe: no deeper wrinkles yet?
Hath ſorrow ſtroke ſo many blowes vpon this
Face of mine, and made no deeper wounds?
Oh flattering Glaſſe, like to my followers in proſperitie!
Was this the face that euery day vnder his
Houſhold roofe did keepe ten thouſand men?
Was this the face that faaſt ſo many follies,
And was at laſt outfaaſt by *Bullingbrooke*?
A brittle Glorie ſhineth in this face,
As brittle as the Glorie is the face,
For there it is crackt in a hundred ſhiuers.
Marke ſilent King the morall of this ſpor,
How ſoone my ſorrow hath deſtroyd my face.
*Bul.* The ſhadow of your ſorrow hath deſtroyd
The ſhadow of your face.
*Rich.* Say that againe: the ſhadow of my ſorrow;
Ha lets ſee: tis very true, my griefe